

Clara Keane

The Chatterbox

Volume II


Number 5



MARCH, 1908

LITTLETON COLLEGE

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The Chatterbox.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1908.

No. 5.

Literary Department.

The Sophomore Class Song.

MOLLIE J. MITCHELL, '10.

(1)

The greatest of all is the class of the Sophomores,
The goal she e'er wins and the highest of all scores;
Though some day we'll be Seniors and memory shall claim her,
May our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Sophomore class forever—
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Sophomore class.

(2)

And her daughters, the queens of the forest resembling—
So constant, so loyal, not to greatest fear trembling;
For there's no class like this fair and fine one of ours,
Then come every one now and acknowledge our powers.

(3)

Then let all who have loved us, love the class that we live in,
The class that we love and forever will be in;
While gladness and joy and hope smile before us,
Raise aloud, raise together, the love-telling story.

History of the Class of 1910.

FANNIE STOKES, '10.

In the year 1906 there began a class, the grandest, noblest and the best that Littleton College has ever afforded. We, the class of '10, realize that we will soon, as Juniors and Seniors, have the responsibility of the college home in our hands.

When first we came as Freshmen, we felt very small as compared with the higher classes, who looked down upon us, calling us "The Freshies." But now, since we are Sophomores, have we not a right to feel our importance? Indeed, our last year's work was hard, but we toiled on and felt sufficiently repaid when, after examinations, we found ourselves to be the "wise Sophomores."

On returning as Sophomores, we re-organized our class, electing as President, Miss Boyd Thorne; Vice-President, Miss Emma McCullen; Secretary, Miss Mattie Moore; Treasurer, Miss Alberta Aiken; Class Poet, Miss Mollie Mitchell; and Historian, Miss Fannie Stokes. We, with our new officers, are steadily pushing onward, as is suggested by our motto, "Jamais arrière," and we hope that we may soon be competent of filling in the place which our "sisters" now hold.

The best part of our college life is yet before us, and while the first two years have left us nothing to be ashamed of, we trust, we look forward with confident hope to the two years of glory and renown yet to come to us. Long live the class of nineteen hundred and ten!

A Trip to the Mountains.

ALBERTA AIKEN, '10.

It was in the spring of 1906 that the Y. W. C. A. of a certain college in North Carolina elected as its delegates to the Southern Conference, which was to convene in the City of Asheville the coming June, a Freshman, a Sophomore and a Junior. There was also a member of the Faculty planning to go to this Conference. We were not long in finding this out, nor in persuading her to act as chaperone of our party. Having made all our plans, we separated for our several homes, where we found our friends glad to see us and loath to give us up in a short two weeks. However, after much talking, we persuaded them to let us go.

The morning of the eighth dawned bright and clear, an ideal day for travel. We all met in Durham in the afternoon, went on to Greensboro, where we spent the night, starting out again early next morning and traveled all day, save for an hour's wait in one or two places, where we spent the time exploring the "city." There were girls from all the different schools, so that there had to be an extra car for the Asheville girls. As our party had been ambitious for a private car, we went to the smoker to practice school songs and yells. In here we had such fun as only school girls can have.

We traveled on, going through tunnels, rushing out into the light again, seeing every now and then a mountain peak higher and more beautiful than any before, at which Junior would cry out, as Juniors will, "Ain't it cute?" The sun was shining right in the window, making it fearfully warm, yet we could not afford to close the shade and miss the scenery through which we were passing. It was all so new and strange to us. There were many great mountains with here and there cascades and fountains, making the scenes charm-

ingly picturesque. We, even the member of the Faculty, finally exhausted all our adjectives and could only look, as Freshman said, "till our eyes hurt with beauty." At intervals we could see the engine winding in and out through the mountains; then there would be showers of cinders, and we finally became so black that Junior exclaimed, "Well, I know if it wasn't for my freckles, folks wouldn't know me from a negro!" Yet we were enjoying it, each in her own eager way. Freshman was a rather tall, overgrown girl, who was all the time afraid of losing her ticket. Sophomore, whom we called Beth, had forgotten to be timid, and her artist eye was taking in all the beauty about us. Junior, in whose bright brown eyes was always lurking some mischief, with her quick wit and peculiar voice, was the life of the party. Even the member of the Faculty had forgotten her dignified position and was only a jolly school girl with the rest.

Just before we reached our destination we found that Kenilworth Inn, where we were to stop, was not in Asheville, but in Biltmore, a little town on the French Broad, about a mile from Asheville. On learning this and remembering that our baggage had been checked to Asheville, we decided to see the baggage master when he came through and get him to put ours off at Biltmore. We made Junior spokesman for the occasion, so when he came through next she called him, and as he did not hear she caught hold of his coat. This naturally surprised him and greatly amused us. We took it for a huge joke and teased her about it all the way.

In a little bit we saw Kenilworth Inn, perched on a mountain, and went rushing into Biltmore, the quaintest and neatest little town imaginable, with its streets separated from the sidewalk by a strip of grass about a yard wide. Along the northwest side ran the French Broad.

We went over to the Inn, found our room, washed our faces to let people know that we were not really negroes; and were

not sorry to hear the bell ring for six o'clock dinner. We slept that night "without rocking." The next day, after the morning session of the conference was over, we engaged a carriage and went to Sunset Mountain, which was some three thousand feet above sea level. From here we got a birdseye view of Asheville, to which we later went. While wandering in the beauty of this mountain some little boys called to us, "Wait, ladies"; and though it was the middle of June, they came bringing us their caps full of strawberries, which we devoured with amazing rapidity. The drive home only sharpened our appetites for the dinner we found we were just in time for.

Next day we went out to Riverside Park, intending to go boating, but a beating shower came up, so we took a car for Asheville and wandered, as girls will, through the five and ten cent stores.

One day we went to Mount Meadow Farm, a quaint Scottish village on the top of a mountain. Here we were impressed with the calm, peacefulness of the place and felt as if we never wanted to leave.

Another day we went to Vanderbilt's estate. This drive was sixteen miles, for we went one way and came back another. All along the driveway on either side the forest was reset in all the different kinds of shrubbery grown in the United States, the more abundant of which were spruce pine, mountain laurel and rhododendron. Here and there were lakes, mirroring the beauty about them. Our coachman gave us very interesting accounts of some of the things we saw. We took in the poultry and dairy farms, Mr. Vanderbilt's three thousand dollar tennis court, and other things of interest. We went on a rustic bridge across the place where the Swannanoa and French Broad meet, a beautiful place, overshadowed by weeping willows. Near by was a lake with great white swans paddling about in it. * * * We came back

through Lover's Lane, and were thoroughly thrilled with the beauty everywhere.

Each day we went to some lovely spot in the "Land of the Sky," and when our ten days was up we hated to leave this place of beauty and loveliness.

After having immensely enjoyed the Conference and our whole trip, we returned home to spend the remainder of our short vacation, resolved to visit again Asheville and the "Land of the Sky."

The Realization of Helen's Dream.

RUTH NICHOLSON, '10.

The Henley boys were fixing to start out on their trip to town. Their sleighs were tightly packed and heavy, but one look at the pairs of big, strong horses convinced one that the load was not too heavy. Old man Henley looked at the sky and told his boys not to come or go by the mountain road, but to stick to the sheltered dug way. On hearing this the boys began to look sullen and rebellious, because there was going to be a party at the Blackwells' to which all of the Henleys were invited, and since the mountain road lessened their journey by half, they had intended taking it, because their trip to town and back required all of the short winter day, and often two or three hours of the night; so of course they wanted to take as short a road as possible in order to get back to the party.

Helen was sitting by the fire, dreaming. She was the only girl in the Henley family, and her mother had died when she was sixteen. She knew how proud her father was of his three robust sons, and there was just a little jealousy in her heart on account of this. She had done her duty by them, keeping house, sewing and cooking for them, but she was not satisfied with doing nothing but this. She had got it into her head somehow that men thought about women as weak, dependent creatures—mere playthings, and she longed to show them what a girl could do. She little dreamed that the opportunity would come in a very short time.

Meanwhile, the boys had reached town, and having disposed of their loads, were getting ready for the journey home. There were a few trying delays, and when they finally did get started it was a little later than usual. Presently they came to where the roads forked—one of which was the shel-

tered dug way and the other the short mountain road. Their faces were resolute and determined. Phil, the leader, swung his big chestnuts into the short-cut road and the others followed. "Just look how bright and clear the sky is," said one. "Father thinks we are nothing but kids and not able to take care of ourselves, anyway," said the youngest of the three boys. It was the first time they had ever disobeyed the gruff commands of their father, and now they maintained a guilty silence. But when they had completed half the journey without any mishap, their spirits rose, they thought that the way was clear now, and they would have no trouble getting home safely. But on turning a short curve in the road, they saw to their horror heavy, lead-colored clouds, and felt the cold winds. They had been deceived; the big mountain bluffs shutting from their view the brewing storm. A chill stole over them, not caused by the cold, and their hearts sank. Phil shouted to the others, but there was no chance of his being heard in the howling wind. They were in one of the fiercest blizzards imaginable. Phil bravely tried to keep the road, the horses continually trying to turn their faces from the cold, north wind, and the others followed blindly; but finally the horses sank into a cut. Phil did his best to get them out and find the road again, but it was impossible, and they only sank deeper in the drifts. They knew no more except in a half sleepy way, trying to straighten the overturned sleighs and then huddling in a group. They knew they could never regain the road unless some one came to their rescue, and this was almost hopeless, since no one lived on the road.

At home Helen had waited anxiously their coming. Her father told her not to worry about the boys, because he knew they had not taken the short, dangerous way home. But she waited and waited until finally it began to get dark. The snow was falling faster and the wind blowing harder than ever before; but she suddenly remembered about the party,

and recalling the looks on the boys' faces when they left, feared they had taken the forbidden road and were lost. She slipped noiselessly from the house, out into the barn, and quickly hitched the beautiful pair of strong black horses to a sleigh on which were the large bells that had come from across the sea. It was bitterly cold, and it was all she could do to keep from freezing.

The boys had given up all hope and were almost yielding to the soft, soothing drowsiness that was stealing over them, when, suddenly, Dennis heard the clang clang of bells. "Listen, boys," he said, "at the sound of father's old bells." They said he was dreaming, but again the bells clanged forth, and this time they all knew it was no other than the Henley bells which they heard. They shouted, and presently saw the pair of big, black horses appear right where they were sure the road could not be, and in the driver's seat sat Helen. They quickly got into the road and with new courage followed her lead. They kept going and going until they again became discouraged, feeling sure that Helen had lost the way; but soon they began to see familiar objects and realized that they were in the sheltered dugway. They were soon home, and Helen was rewarded by Phil's calling her his brave little sis.

William Cullen Bryant.

MATTIE MOORE, '10.

In studying the life of any man, naturally we first want to know something of his ancestors; then we are ready to make a careful and more accurate study of the man himself. But in studying the life of William Cullen Bryant there is but one thing that is needful to know of his ancestors, and that is that they were descendants of the Plymouth Rock Pilgrims—this is introduction enough for any American.

The autumnal breezes around Cummington were made balmy by the glad news of the arrival of a little visitor at the home of Dr. Peter Bryant, November 3, 1794. This visitor proved to be our own William Cullen Bryant, who is known to-day as America's first great poet. The old Berkshire hills of Massachusetts had the honor of having his home situated among them. Although his home was not one of luxury and plenty from a material standpoint, it abounded with love and piety, which is worth more to any home than all that money could buy. Thus we see that Bryant had a good foundation—a typical Puritan home and gentle ancestors—already laid upon which to build his character. Environment and ancestry both have a great deal to do with the character of a man, but in every phase of Bryant's life we see the true type of manhood.

William was a child of extraordinary precocity. He knew all the letters of the alphabet before his second birthday. After learning the declensions and conjugations of the Greek language, he read the New Testament through in two months. From these facts you would say at once that the boy was endowed with unusual intellect: so he was; but notwithstanding this, he was a studious and persevering lad. He was not satisfied with the low aims of life, so he pressed forward to

higher and nobler things than the life of an ordinary man. At a very early age he was sent to the district school, where he was distinguished as a scholar of high rank. It has been said that the Puritans did not mind using the *birch* and *hickory* in the school-room and at home as well, but we don't believe this was needed to make William study.

His father, who, by profession, was a physician, had made great plans for his son to follow in his footsteps; but from the boy's childhood, nature seems to have had a charm so far beyond that of medicine that he devoted his whole time to it and its teachings. As he grew older nature became his chief companion and he communed with her as a friend; he studied her in all forms and stages. He says that she spoke to her lovers in a "various language," but we say surely she spoke to Bryant very distinctly, for he expresses his communications with her in a very charming and effective manner. What is more beautiful than the glimpse of the grave as Bryant saw it?

" Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher."

Finally, it was decided that he should be sent to college; but to save expenses he did the first year's work at home and entered Sophomore class at Williams College at the age of sixteen. After seven months, he returned home to prepare for Junior class at Yale, where he might have better advantages. This plan, however, was not carried out on account of the financial circumstances of his father.

Although he never graduated, he received honors from Williams College, and we do not hesitate to say that Bryant justly deserved every honor that was given him—even more

than some graduates. He stands as one of the central figures in our literature, and America will always claim his name with pride. If he had never written anything but "Thanatopsis," he would have been recognized as a poet of genius. He was eighteen when he wrote this poem, and he never wrote one to equal it afterward in all the one hundred and seventy-one that he did write. In nearly all of his poems he lets the truths of nature predominate over everything else.

Bryant visited Europe six times. "Letters of a Traveler" describes these travels. Frequently he was called upon for addresses or orations. At the unveiling of a statue in Central Park, he delivered an oration May 29, 1878. Being overcome with heat and fatigue, he fell on a stone step after the oration. He never recovered from the blow received that day. He died a fortnight after. No American has won more fame for his country than Bryant.

Bryant's whole ambition was to be a poet, and his boyhood prayer was "to receive the gift of poetic genius, and write verses that might endure"; and when we consider his many poems, and especially "Thanatopsis," his masterpiece, we can confidently say that the prayer of his boyhood was answered. In all poetry, few sublimer messages have been left us than—

" So live

That when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Bob's Lesson.

FANNIE RIVES VINSON, '10.

"How comfortable it is," said Mrs. Smith, as she sat before the large fire knitting. The parrot, who was enjoying herself climbing about on a pole, sat upright and said, "How comfortable; Polly wants a cracker." Spot, the large cat, was lying on the rug, dozing, never dreaming how soon she would be kicked out. Fido, when he heard his mistress speak, lifted his large head and wagged his tail, as if to say, "I think it is comfortable, too."

In rushed Bob. "Grandmother," he said, "may I go skating? It's just fine out of doors, and Ned has a new sled." Mrs. Smith hesitated and then said, "I am sorry for you to miss the fun, Bob, but I am afraid to let you play in the snow." "It's always just this way," said Bob, "you never want me to have any fun"; and as he walked across the rug he gave poor pussy a hard kick. The parrot laughed at this, for the cat often scared her with her long claws. "You're an ugly old green and red thing," said Bob, and he was getting up to punish Polly when he stumbled over Fido. "Fido," he said, "you're just that sort, always in the way. I'll hurt you, sir, for getting under my feet." After supper Bob sat down and commenced to read. Just as he seated himself something galloped around the house. Mrs. Smith said, "Bob, the horse is out; you had better put him up." "I wish there never had been any sort of animal made," said Bob.

After chasing the horse for some time Bob came back and went to bed. He slept soundly for a while, but soon commenced to dream.

He was lying on the grass, playing, when up came Polly, Spot, Fido, the horse, and eleven or twelve other animals,

among which was the big, red rooster that ruled the poultry yard. Fido was the first to speak; he seemed to be the chief man. "We will first hear all the grievances," said he, "and then we'll decide on the punishment." "Punishment," thought Bob, "that's funny; what have I done to deserve punishment? I'll see you—" but just then Spot spoke and he stopped to see what she would say. She told of how Bob had kicked her the day before, and after Spot, Polly, Fido and the horse spun out their tales of woe. Then there was a silence and all seemed to be thinking about how to punish him. Bob was frightened very much and began to cry. When he began to cry he woke up and was so very glad to find that it was only a dream that he laughed out loud.

It was only a dream, it is true; but from it Bob learned a good lesson. He never afterwards mistreated the animals, and he found that they give one much pleasure under these conditions. Bob never told his grandmother of his dream, and she wondered what had caused such a change in him.

The Highest Service.

SALLIE SMILEY, '10.

"Oh, to be nothing, only to lie at his feet." These words had been uttered in, apparently, much sincerity by Bessie, as she reclined upon her luxurious couch. She presented quite an attractive picture as she lay there with her brown curls thrown back from a beautiful face, which displayed a strong will-power if once she was thoroughly aroused. Yet, beneath this one would fancy there was a noble and generous heart. Her attire displayed good taste, as did everything in the room. She looked as though she might indeed be well fitted for the "Master's use."

Just then she was aroused from her reverie by some one's tapping on the door. She arose with a gesture of impatience, saying, "I wish I could be left alone for a few minutes." The door was opened by her younger sister, who said, "Mother is very busy this morning and would be glad if you would go over and see Mrs. Smith's little girl." It was a very warm morning in June, and the transition from her soft couch to a half mile walk in the sun did not impress Bessie as being at all desirable.

"Please say to mother that I am not feeling well," was Bessie's reply. As the door closed she sank back upon her couch, but somehow she did not feel quite comfortable. As she tried to resume her train of thought there seemed to be quite an inconsistency somewhere.

After a few minutes she arose with a look half of anger, half of determination, saying, "I had just been picturing myself a martyr, and now I have refused to go on such a small errand of mercy." She hastened down stairs just in time to take her mother's place. "Mother," she said, "I will

go—I think the walk will do me good.” Her mother consented, hoping Bessie might receive a two-fold benefit.

A fifteen minutes walk brought her to her destination. She was met at the door by Mrs. Smith, who said, “I am so glad you came; my little girl slept scarcely any last night and is so impatient this morning.”

Bessie thought that this was an opportunity for her to put some of her good resolutions into effect, so she entered the room with her brightest smile and most cheerful words. She soon induced the little girl to take some of the nourishment she had brought; then, after arranging her comfortably in bed, Bessie told several stories, which so pleased the child that she almost forgot her suffering and was soon sleeping soundly.

Bessie could scarcely help feeling a pang of remorse as Mrs. Smith thanked her so warmly for her kindness. Yet, as she walked slowly homeward she felt very happy, and fancied it was the prettiest morning she had ever seen. She wondered that she had never noticed so much in nature to be admired before. Bessie had not yet learned that to appreciate nature thoroughly we must have our hearts filled with a love for the highest and best. She resolved that morning that her life should be spent in the “Master’s service.” And when, a few years later, she sailed as a missionary to Japan, her friends knew that she would ever be faithful to her vow.

A School Girl Episode.

'10.

'Twas on a Wednesday clear and bright,
A day for fun and frolic right.
The tiresome afternoon walk we'd shirked,
So now among the flowers we worked.

When the thirst of the flowers had at last been quenched,
Forgetting we'd ever Latin-ed and French-ed,
We wished for something good to *eat*!
The nuts on the campus offered a treat.

Then out in the sunshine we went a-strolling—
An excellent method for hunger-controlling!
When for a ride we were quite in distress,
Along came the man going for the express.

How around the dray we did dance!—
For here we saw a possible chance.
What! two Juniors and a Freshman
Going to ride with the college expressman?

Oh, if the campus were only wide!—
For how could we dare to go outside?
Shall we take the risk? Think quickly, chums!
Stop—yonder that awful teacher comes!

Perhaps she remembered the days of yore
When she too as a school-girl a ride did implore;
For when the man said to go 'twas time,
She also into the dray did climb.

“Hello there! Going to ride?”
Our mates with jealous envy cried.
Away down the street we went at a rate—
Now far beyond the campus gate.

But, alas! all good things must come to an end—
Go back—or deportment grades descend!
So out of the dray we came with a bound;
It was getting full late to be down town.

Here we are at the college once more,
Telling of our ride—just our party of four.
When we work in the flowers another day,
May we have again such a ride for our pay!

The Chatterbox.

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All former students, alumnae and friends of the College are invited to contribute literary articles, personals and items to our columns. All contributions, accompanied by the writer's name, should be sent to the Editor-in-Chief.

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		BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.	

Editorial.

Yes, we promised the Sophomores a number of THE CHATTERBOX, and they have patiently awaited their turn! It has come at last, and we are pleased with our wise Sophomores. The November number showed you the work of Juniors; this, the March number, will give you an insight into the work of the Sophomores. If these two do not please you, then "cheer up, cheer up"—the Senior number is yet to come!

We were so glad to have with us last Sunday and Monday nights Dr. Byron W. King, of King's School of Oratory, Pittsburg, Pa. Dr. King lectured in the Methodist Church Sunday night and read in the college auditorium on Monday evening. It is an opportunity not experienced by every college girl, and we feel greatly benefited by his recent visit.

Dr. King is undoubtedly a great genius. His magnificent voice, his wonderful personal magnetism and his splendid gift of oratory hold us spellbound. One minute we find ourselves convulsed with laughter, while the next, the tears are streaming down our faces. Aside from his ability to sway the emotions of his audience, Dr. King is a real literary artist; and even more than all these things, we feel that behind them there is a large, sympathetic heart, a desire to befriend and help. He is more than a mere funny man; he is more even than an orator of remarkable power; he is to a very great extent what he wishes to be remembered as—"the uplifter of the human face."

The college family has not seen so much real pleasure since Dr. King's former visit. Be sure you hear him if ever the opportunity presents itself.

M. F. M.

D. W. C. A.

MOLLIE M. STEPHENSON, 09.

A delightful reception was given to the present cabinet by the former cabinet Monday evening. It was much enjoyed by every one.

The first Sunday after the election of new officers, the new cabinet gave to the Association a brief outline of their work as they have planned it for the coming year.

Miss Blanche Holt, chairman of the Devotional Committee, led at her regular time—second Sunday evening. The service was unusually good.

On third Sunday evening the subject was Temperance, Miss Bessie Boone, leader. Miss Boone brought before us some of the opportunities and responsibilities that are ours at this particular time.

The interest and effect of both of the above-mentioned services were greatly increased by special music.

Last Sunday evening was the missionary meeting. The country studied was China. A pamphlet, which told of the life of a poor Chinese girl who wanted to go to the Christian school and learn of Christ, but could not because there was no room, was read by a young lady dressed in Chinese costume. Four young ladies dressed in Chinese costume sang a special selection.

It has been our custom for the cabinet to have its devotional meeting every Sunday evening just before the chapel service, and the different committees to meet immediately after chapel; but, after much consideration, we have decided to have the committees meet for a few minutes before chapel,

so as to have all spend that time in quiet and prayer, which we believe will strengthen our Association spiritually. The cabinet will meet after the chapel service.

The regular business meeting was held on the first Monday of this month.

The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet was invited by Mrs. Rhodes to attend the W. F. M. Society of Littleton, which met in the college library last Monday.

Miss Head and Miss Davies have visited our town and college in behalf of home and foreign missions. Their visits and some other things seem to be what we have been needing for a good while to awaken more of a "missionary spirit" among us. We are studying and planning to keep the spirit growing. The Association will put more stress on this subject hereafter, we trust.

Exchange Department.

HELEN EARNHARDT, Editor.

We like the article on Lanier in the January *Red and White*, and think that it is a good plan to devote space in each issue to some Southern poet. Two important and interesting subjects are brought out in "Artificial Languages" and the "Common Lot." Perhaps the only adverse criticism we would venture against this issue is in regard to jokes. We like jokes in magazines, but we do want them within the bounds of decency!

The St. Mary's Muse is attractive in appearance, and yet we were almost disappointed in the contents. The stories and all of the matter are well written, but we do not think it comes up to the standard for the college magazine. The social and religious life are very well represented, but the literary department is not given the prominence that it should have in this magazine.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *The College Message*, *The Acorn*, *Park School Gazette*, and *The Trinity Archive*.

Among Us.

PAULINE HERRING, '08.

—We welcome our old friend, Spring, who has come to us once again, bringing with her bright, sunny days and our own sweet little violets.

—Miss Rebie Morris was made very happy by a short visit from her father a few days ago.

—"Grandpa Hester" spent last week at the college. His granddaughters are always pleased to see his noble face and listen to his kindly advice.

—Miss Minnie Lee Hart has been quite ill for some days past. Her father and sister, Miss Annie, are now by her bedside. We are glad to know that she is better, and wish for her the speediest possible recovery.

—Mrs. W. S. Wilkins recently came by the college to visit her niece, Miss Mary Sledge.

—President Rhodes made a business trip to New York a few days ago.

—Miss Mary Burroughs' sister visited her last Sunday.

—Mrs. Crocker made a short visit to the college some time ago.

—Mr. J. C. Williams, from A. M. C., has recently been the guest of his cousin, Miss Morris. The Seniors very much enjoyed having him take dinner with them on the 22d.

—The Eunomian Society very beautifully entertained the Hyperion Society and the Literary Society from Central Academy on the night of the twenty-second by giving them a Colonial Party. All were requested to dress in colonial style. We each one felt, ere the evening was spent, that we were

really in the presence of George and Martha Washington, for who could have represented them so well as did Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes? They came out in laces, frills and powder in profusion, to the delight of every one. Music, given by the two Glee Clubs, added much to the entertainment.

—On the night of the twenty-first a recital was given in the college auditorium. Each one performed her part well and every one voted it the best entertainment of the year.

—The people of college and town alike were made glad by having with them on March 8th and 9th Dr. Byron W. King, President of the King School of Oratory, and one of the most distinguished speakers in all the country. Both his Bible reading at the Methodist Church on Sunday evening and his lecture in the college auditorium the next evening were greatly enjoyed.

Have You Heard the Latest?

BERNICE HORNADAY, '08.

Freshie wants to go to the photographer's to have her tooth pulled.

* * *

Miss Leigh: "Why is February 14th called St. Valentine's day?"

I. Williams (brightly): "Oh, I know! Luola said some lady was beheaded on that day."

* * *

Fresh.: "How long have we got to stay here?"

Senior Prep.: "Look on the bulletin board and see."
(Evidently she thinks any information may be gained by consulting the bulletin board.)

* * *

Mattie Ruffin: "The grasshopper an *animal*? Law! I thought it was an insect!"

* * *

Julia, a Prep.: "I don't think I ever will learn how to monogram" (meaning diagram).

* * *

New Girl (seeing the lights wink at 9:45) said very gravely: "I reckon the wind blowing on the wires makes 'em do that, don't you?"

* * *

Mary F.: "Have you ever had the mumps?"

Mattie R. (proudly): "Oh yes, *I* had *two* of them."

* * *

Bright Girl: "Miss Vela, are you going to sing a duet in Y. W. C. A. meeting to-night?"

Phrynia, hearing the train blow, exclaimed, "What is that—the cow?" (Evidently she was wishing for some hash about that time.)

* * *

New Girl (sadly): "Gee! I'm about to freeze and this old radi-heater is as cold as ice."

* * *

A Senior spoke of her Lounsbury, and a Fresh. asked, in an inquiring tone: "Do you mean an elephant?"

A wise Sophomore interrupted, and displayed her wisdom by saying, condescendingly, "Lounsbury is the same as Livy, you know, Emma."

* * *

Prof. Stahl: "Sugar is made up of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen. Sulphuric acid acting upon it takes out the O and H, leaving the carbon as charcoal. The same is true when sulphuric acid drops on the skin. The O and H are taken out to form H_2O , and what is left, class?"

A. A.: "A sore."

* * *

Phrynia: "Isn't he a bachelor?"

Annie B. (in a pitying tone): "Yes; you know his wife died not long after they were married."

* * *

"Say, Vela, when are you going home?"

Vela: "I'm going in May unless something prevents my staying here."

* * *

Boyd Thorne: "Miss Hayden, what would frozen carbon dioxide do if you were to put it on your hand?"

Miss H.: "Well, probably it would freeze your hand, Miss Thorne."

* * *

Beulah Matthews said she knew a young man that was a very fine actress.

A new girl walked in a barber shop and asked for twenty cents worth of chocolate candy. (But of course she didn't get it.)

* * *

Miss Stanfield (having studied of earthquakes, hot springs, geysers): "My! It is dangerous to live on the earth."

* * *

Miss Hayden: "Miss Johnston, what is an earthquake?"

Miss J.: "Why—er—Miss Hayden, it's just the earth quaking."

* * *

FIRE CORNER.

No flame at all. Only smoke.

* * *

Miss Mayo: "College burning? I don't care, I'm out, and I have my rat."

* * *

Mrs. Leigh (excitedly): "Men, men, remember, I've got to cook breakfast in the morning. Don't waste the water."

* * *

While every one else was excited over the fire, Mr. Pegram was calmly walking around the building looking for his lantern.

Wanted !

Wanted: A court-plaster to put over my mouth when I'm around the joke editor.—M. A. H.

Wanted: To know why the girls at Miss Thorne's table call molasses "the old-time religion."

Wanted: To know who likes hominy and cheese mixture?

Wanted: The college seamstress. (Go to No. 42 and you will find her.)

Wanted: Nothing.—Miss H.

Wanted: MORE jokes.—B. Hornaday.

Wanted: To know if Mattie Ruffin has the infirmary.—Florence W.

Wanted: Some one to tell Miss Katie Moore if a street car runs on a track.

Wanted: To know why the Glee Club doesn't practice every night.

Wanted: To know if M. M. can love more than "The One Woman."—The Two Ruths.

Wanted: To know why Miss Roe uses "Johnny" as an explanation of Cadences in Harmony.

Wanted: To know which side the heart is on?—Ruth E.

Wanted: To know why Miss Pulliam has forsaken her jewels.

This is with the jokes, but it is not a joke. I put it here feeling sure that it will be seen, as every one reads the jokes:

Bus. Mgr.

"If you are a friend indeed,
And your debts you love to pay,
Be a friend in time of need—
Send your dollar right to-day."

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Class 1908

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Ghertrude Stanfield	-----	Vice-Presiden
Mabel West	-----	Secretary
Winnie Evans	-----	Treasurer
Clara Hearne	-----	Poet-Historian

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Sallie Jordan	Secretary
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Bessie Boone	Secretary
Boyd Thorne	Treasurer

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Nolie York.....	1st Vice-President
Sallie Jordan.....	2nd Vice-President
Sue Sanford.....	Recording Secretary
Margaret Lamb.....	Corresponding Sec.
Lucie Ross.....	Treasurer

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 Winnie Evans ----- 1st Vice-President
 Mary Lowder ----- 2nd Vice-President
 Edith Simmons ----- Recording Secretary
 Blanche Holt ----- Corresponding Sec.
 Mary Watkins ----- Treasurer

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Bernice Hornaday..1st Vice-President
Rebie Morris.....2nd Vice-President
Mary Watkins.....3rd Vice-President
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Y. W. C. A.

Lottie Lee-----President
Vela Walkør -----Vice-President
Mary Mayo-----Secretary
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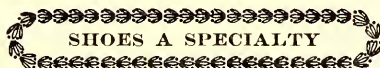
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